

M I S S J U L I E

An opera in two acts.

After the play by August Strindberg.

Libretto by WILLIAM ALWYN

WILLIAM ALWYN
LARK RISE
BLYTHBURGH
HALESWORTH
SUFFOLK
IP19 9LT

Miss JULIE

CHARACTERS

Miss JULIE	Soprano
'JEAN' - the count's valet	Baritone
KRISTIN - the cook	Mezzo soprano
ULRIK - the gamekeeper	Tenor

The action takes place in the Count's country house in Sweden on Midsummer night in 1895.

.

ACT I

Scene 1: The kitchen of the Count's country house.

Scene 2: The same, a few hours later.

ACT II

The same, some hours later.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/missjulieoperain00alwy>

ACT IScene I The kitchen of the Count's country house.

A large old-fashioned kitchen with (L. stage) a steep narrow staircase leading up to the residential quarters. At the foot of the stairs is the entrance to the servants' hall and the maids' bedrooms. The door to JEAN's bedroom is on the opposite side of the kitchen. Back stage a large glass door stands open. To the right of the garden door is a window with a small mirror slung on the window-latch. The kitchen sink stands below the window. Through the door and window can be seen glimpses of the garden and an extensive park. R. stage is a tiled stove with a projecting hood, and next to it, a tall kitchen dresser stacked with china, glass, copper saucepans etc. The kitchen is furnished with a large pinewood table and two chairs. On the table is a china ginger-jar filled with lilac. The stove is decorated with bunches of birch-twigs and the floor is strewn with juniper. Prominently placed on one of the walls is a large bell on a coiled spring.

It is Midsummer Night, late in the evening but still light. The sound of dance music can be faintly heard from the distant barn.

KRISTIN is standing at the stove stirring a saucepan. JEAN enters from the servants' hall. He is wearing a striped livery waistcoat and he carries a pair of riding-boots with spurs which he puts down by the table.

JEAN

Miss Julie's crazy,
utterly crazy!

KRISTIN

Where have you been?

JEAN

Crazy! She was leading the dance
in the gamekeeper's arms.
Utterly crazy!

KRISTIN

You've been to the barn,
and I thought you were
taking the master.

(JEAN takes off his waistcoat and
hangs it on a peg under the stairs.)

JEAN (unheeding)

The minute she saw me
she dropped her partner,
rushed over to meet me
and asked me to dance -

KRISTIN

So that's where you were!

JEAN (seizing KRISTIN and waltzing her round the room)

And how she could dance!
Her waltzing's divine!
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la...
Crazy! Completely mad!

KRISTIN (gasping)
Let me be! Leave me alone!

(He releases KRISTIN and flings
himself into a chair.)

KRISTIN

But the Count -

JEAN

I took him all right.
A job's a job;
I know my place.

(He looks up at the bell.)

When that bell rings
I'm up like a shot.

'Yes, my lord,
what are your orders?'

(imitating the Count's voice)

'Polish these boots.'

(JEAN gives the boots a vicious kick.)

'As you please, my lord.'
And down I came.

Then the bell goes again;
and back up the stairs!

JEAN (contd.)

'Your orders, my lord?'
 'It's the coachman's day off.'
 'Oh yes, my lord.'
 'You must drive me instead.'
 'Where to, my lord?'
 'To my sister's place.'
 'Very good, my lord;
 when you're ready, my lord.'

To hell with that bell!
 On Midsummer Night
 of all times,
 when everyone's free
 to do as they please!
 But I know my place,
 and a job's a job.
 I took him all right.

KRISTIN

It's not all that far
 but you took a long time.

JEAN

On the way back
 I looked in at the barn.
 I couldn't resist it.
 Music and dancing
 go to my head.
 And there was Miss Julie
 leading the dance.
 Crazy - utterly crazy!

KRISTIN

She's always been flighty -
 that's nothing new -
 but since the Countess died -

JEAN

Took poison - you mean -
 suicide.

KRISTIN (firmly)

Since the Countess died,
she's gone quite mad.

JEAN (with relish)

Crazy - utterly crazy!

KRISTIN

She shouldn't be here alone;
she ought to have gone with the Count.

JEAN

She hates the old man.

KRISTIN

I'm not surprised.

(KRISTIN busies herself at the stove.)

JEAN

What's that you're cooking?
~~It stinks to high heaven!~~

KRISTIN

I promised Miss Julie -
it's for her dog,
the poor little bitch -

JEAN

Watch your tongue!
A dog is a dog in this kitchen.

KRISTIN

Miss Julie says 'bitch'.

JEAN

They can say what they like
above stairs.
But it's not refined.
Neither is she, come to that.
Out in the barn
with that gamekeeper lout,
all stinking of sweat!

JEAN (contd.)

But how she can dance!
Light as a feather,
and pretty.
What a figure, what arms
and what breasts!

KRISTIN

Jean!

JEAN

And how she can waltz!

KRISTIN

No better than me.
Will you dance with me, Jean,
when I've finished this brew?

JEAN

Oh yes, if you like.

KRISTIN

Promise?

JEAN

When I say a thing
it's as good as done.

By God, I'm thirsty!

KRISTIN

I'll get you a drink

(She goes to the dresser and gets
a bottle of beer and a glass.)

JEAN

Beer on Midsummer Night!
I can do better than that.

(He opens the table drawer and
produces a bottle of wine.)

KRISTIN

That's the Count's special!

JEAN

The master won't miss it!

(He pours out a glassful and
takes a long drink.)

KRISTIN

You're worse than a thief,
though I have to admire you!
You do what you want,
and take what you want.
But when we are married
you'll have to behave,
or I'll know the reason why!

JEAN

When we are married?

KRISTIN

You promised.

JEAN

When I say a thing...

KRISTIN

... IT's as good as done!
So you say - but I'm not sure
that I trust you.
All the same I'm fond of you.

(She starts to stroke his hair affectionately.)

You're not like the others,
like the grooms or the coachmen,
or that Ulrik, the gamekeeper.
You're not like them.
You're quite the gentleman!
No wonder Miss Julie singles you out.
But I'm not jealous.
You know your place.
And a cock's as good as a lady
if it's love you want!

(She puts her arms round his neck and fondles him.)

How handsome you are -
and so strong!
I like a man that's a man!

JEAN

Easy now !
You know what I'm like
when you get me excited!

JEAN (cont'd)

But everyone's crazy tonight -
Miss Julie's crazy,
you're crazy -
and so am I!

(He pulls KRISTIN on to his lap.)

KRISTIN

Behave yourself!

JEAN

Why should I?
We've done it before,
You've no secrets from me.

(He starts to pull up her skirt
while KRISTIN giggles and struggles.)

KRISTIN

Stop it, Jean,
behave yourself!
No, no, not now,
Wait till later. etc. etc.

Miss JULIE (off stage)

Kristin, Kristin!

KRISTIN

Let me go, let me go!
It's Miss Julie.

(KRISTIN hastily tidies her dress.
JEAN hurriedly hides the bottle of
wine in the drawer.
Miss JULIE enters from the garden.)

Miss JULIE (to KRISTIN)

Oh, there you are.
Is it ready?
Can I take it with me?

KRISTIN

In a moment, Miss Julie.

(KRISTIN puts her fingers to her lips
to remind Miss Julie of JEAN's
presence.)

Miss JULIE (sotto voce)
Do you think it will work?

KRISTIN (sotto voce)
I'm sure of it,
it always works.

Miss JULIE
Good! How clever you are.

(JEAN lounges across to them.)

JEAN
Are you talking secrets?

(Miss JULIE waves him away with
her handkerchief.)

Miss JULIE
It's no business of yours.

(She lets the handkerchief slip
from her hand. JEAN picks it up
and smells it ostentatiously,
then hands it back with a flourish.)

JEAN
What a beautiful scent!

Miss JULIE
So you're fond of scent
as well of as dancing.
You certainly know how to dance.
Where did you learn?

JEAN
In Switzerland.

Miss JULIE
In Switzerland?

JEAN
At the best hotels.

Miss JULIE
Where you learned to speak French?

JEAN

Mais oui, Mademoiselle Julie.

Miss JULIE

Vous êtes bien facile.
You're quite cosmopolitan.

JEAN

Well I've travelled around
from one job to another,
Lausanne, London and Rome,
a waiter at one time
or a gentleman's gentleman,
and now I've come home
to settle down.
It was all good experience,
I learned the way of the world,
how to keep my end up
and how to attract the girls.
Oh, I've travelled around
and learned a few things,
billiards and cards and such like
in my spare time.
Yes, I've travelled around
from city to city,
Lugano, Geneva and Paris,
and now I've come home
to settle down
and get married.

Miss JULIE (ironically)

Kristin's a lucky girl
to marry a man
of so many talents -
billiards and cards
and dancing and French.
What else did you learn
on your travels?

JEAN (boldly)

How to deal with young ladies
and - to make love!

Miss JULIE

Tiens, Monsieur!
Remember your place.

(She turns her back on him and goes
across to KRISTIN? JEAN follows her.)

(to KRISTIN)

Kristin, is it ready?

KRISTIN

Nearly, Miss Julie.

(KRISTIN takes the saucepan off
the stove.)

Miss JULIE (cooly to JEAN)

Go away, you're not to peep.

JEAN

What have you got there?
Some witch's brew for Midsummer Night
to tell your fortune and choose you a husband?

Miss JULIE

Don't be impertinent.

KRISTIN

Behave yourself!
You know very well what it is -
for Miss Julie's bitch - I mean, dog -
to keep the other dogs off.

Miss JULIE (with a sidelong glance at JEAN)

Just what I want.
Thank you, Kristin.
Leave it to cool;
I'll come back for it later.
You can go and get dressed now.
You dont want to miss all the fun.

KRISTIN

Thank you, my lady.

(KRISTIN takes the saucepan off the
stove then hurries off to her bedroom.
JEAN calls after her.)

JEAN

I'll wait for you.

KRISTIN

I shan't be long.

(There is an awkward silence in the kitchen. Then, in the distance, the band can be heard tuning-up.)

Miss JULIE

There's a new dance starting;
come with me, Jean, and partner me.

JEAN

But I said I would wait
for Kristin.

Miss JULIE

Kristin won't mind.

JEAN (hesitating)

But I promised the next dance
to Kristin.

Miss JULIE

Kristin? Why Kristin?
You'll have plenty of time
to dance with her
when you are married.
Come along, Jean,
and don't waste time.

JEAN

But people will talk.

Miss JULIE (flaring up)

Talk! Why should they talk?

JEAN

They might think
you were favouring me.
If your ladyship wants a partner
try Ulrik again.
You seemed happy enough in his arms
though he's sweaty and smells;
or the coachman,
or one of the grooms,
or -

Miss JULIE

How dare you!
I shall dance with whoever I like.
You are all of you servants.
None of you fit to kiss my shoe.
You will do as you're told
and dance with me.

JEAN (sulkily)

Whatever you say, my lady.
An order's an order.

Miss JULIE (with a change of mood - softly)

It's not an order.
Come with me, Jean;
please, Jean.

JEAN

Very well, just to please you,
I'll come.

(JEAN takes his best jacket
from a peg under the stairs,
and starts to put it on.)

Miss JULIE

You know why I came heret'night?

JEAN (intentionally obtuse)

Yes, you came to fetch Kristin's medicine.

Miss JULIE

You're very provoking!
You know very well
that was just an excuse...

JEAN

... to come and fetch me?
Yes I know.
But you'd no lack of partners
to choose from in the barn.

Miss JULIE

But none like you, Jean.
 You dance so well,
 you take the lead.
 You know how to master me.
 And I need a master -
 I need one badly.
 I need you, Jean.

JEAN

Do you really mean what you say?

Miss JULIE

Come and see.

(She walks to the garden door and gazes out
 into the garden, then turns towards Jean.)

Midsummer night,
 O, night of magic
 when the world can forget
 its cares and sorrow,
 with no thought of tomorrow.
 A night of love
 and a night for gladness;
 no servant, no master,
 no maid and no mistress.
 No one to say 'No'
 to our heart's desire

(JEAN goes slowly towards her.)

Midsummer night,
 O, night of stars
 and silver moonlight,
 when the lilac is heavy with scent,
 and the dew shines bright on the grass,
 and the music is heady as wine -
 and you can be mine.

JEAN &

Miss JULIE

A night for love,
 a night for laughter,
 no thought of tomorrow
 or what may come after.

Miss JULIE

No servant -

JEAN

No master,

Miss JULIE

No maid -

JEAN

and no mistress.

BOTH

And no one to say 'No'
on Midsummer Night.

(JEAN takes Miss JULIE's arm, and together they go out into the garden and vanish from sight.)

The stage is empty, then KRISTIN can be heard calling as she hurries in.

KRISTIN

I'm ready, Jean!

She is in her best party dress, with a shawl round her shoulders. She stops abruptly in the vacant kitchen, then runs across to Jean's bedroom door, again calling 'Jean!' she flings the door open, but no sign of him.

Jean!

She walks angrily back to the centre of the stage, glances at the open garden door, flings her shawl on a chair, and spits out one word:)

Bitch!

CURTAIN

Scene 2

The same, a few hours later.

(It is past midnight, and the kitchen is in darkness except for the moonlight that floods in through the open door and window. JEAN and Miss JULIE enter from the garden. JEAN tiptoes across to the entrance to the servants's hall and the maid's rooms.)

JEAN (calling out softly)
Kristin, Kristin... Kristin!

(He turns back to Miss JULIE)

She's either asleep
or won't answer.
She's angry because
we went without her.
Not that I care!

Miss JULIE
A fine sort of wife
she'll make you
if she gets annoyed
about nothing at all.

(She sits down at the table.)

So she's gone to bed -
she's as fat as butter
and probably snores.

JEAN
No she doesn't.

Miss JULIE
How do you know?

JEAN (boldly)
Shall I tell you?

(Their eyes meet for a moment)

Miss JULIE (hastily)
Why don't you sit down?

JEAN (ironically)
What! Sit down in your presence,
my Lady!

Miss JULIE
Supposing I order you to?

JEAN
Then of course I'd obey.

Miss JULIE
Sit down then -
but first get me a drink.

JEAN
There's only beer.

Miss JULIE
I've simple tastes,
I prefer it to wine.

(JEAN gets a bottle of beer and a
glass from the dresser.)

JEAN
Allow me.

(He pours out a glass. There is a
pause while JEAN stands waiting
for Miss JULIE to drink.)

Miss JULIE
You forget your manners, Monsieur Jean.
A gentleman always drinks with a lady.

JEAN
Je ne suis pas un gentilhomme -
but all the same.

(He fetches another bottle of beer.)

Miss JULIE
Now drink my health.

(JEAN hesitates.)

Don't tell me you're shy.

(JEAN kneels with mock galantry
and raises his glass.)

JEAN

To my lady's health!

Miss JULIE

Bravo!

Now you may kiss my hand.

(JEAN gallantly does as he is told.)

Well done! ~~Very French!~~

No wonder they call you 'Jean'!

JEAN

We shouldn't do this.

Suppose we were seen.

Miss JULIE

What of it?

JEAN

Tongues start wagging -
it soon gets **around**.

Miss JULIE

What do you mean?

JEAN

They were **staring** at us in the barn.

You weren't exactly discreet.

And drinking alone here at night -
alone with a man.

Miss JULIE

Alone! Why Kristin's in there.

JEAN

But asleep.

Miss JULIE

Then I'll go and wake her.

(She gets up and starts to go towards
KRISTIN's room, then hesitates.)

Miss JULIE (contd)

Perhaps you're right;
I should not be here.

(She goes towards the garden door
and looks out at the moonlight.)

Let's go out in the park -
I love the moonlight,
it's so romantic!
Come with me, Jean.

JEAN

That wouldn't do either.

Miss JULIE

Why ever not?
You don't imagine...

JEAN

No, not me,
but others might think...

Miss JULIE

That I'm falling in love
with my father's valet!

JEAN

It's been known to happen.

Miss JULIE

What do I care what people think,
least of all servants!
If I choose to step down...

JEAN

They'll say you fell.

Miss JULIE

I don't believe you.
People are kinder than you think.
And it's Midsummer Night,
if you want an excuse.

(She challenges him with her eyes.)

Come and see if I'm right -
alone in the moonlight,
out in the park.

JEAN

You're crazy - utterly crazy!

Miss JULIE

Crazy? Everything's crazy -
 life, humanity, love and laughter,
 scum on the surface of water
 till everything sinks -
 down, down, always down,
 sinking, sinking, for ever sinking ...
 It's a dream I have,
 always recurring.
 Do you ever dream like that?

JEAN

I have no time for dreams.
 Besides, I don't want to sink.
 I want to rise and climb
 till I reach the top -
 and never come down.

Miss JULIE (with growing passion)

If you want to climb
 now's your chance!
 Come with me in the moonlight,
 wander with me in the park,
 while the air still echoes with music
 and the dew is fresh on the grass.
 Time is too precious for dreaming,
 our moment will soon be gone.
 Tonight is the time for dreams
 to come true.
 Come, oh, come with me, Jean!

(She takes him by the arm and tries
 to draw him towards the garden door.)

How strong you are!
 And such strong arms!

(She feels his muscles.)

I believe you're trembling!

JEAN (much moved)

Take care, Miss Julie!

Miss JULIE (mockingly)

Pourquoi, Jean?

JEAN

Je ne suis qu'un Homme.

Miss JULIE

Only a man?
A real man would kiss me!

JEAN

Listen, Miss JULIE,
listen to me...

Miss JULIE

Kiss me first!

JEAN

Listen...

Miss JULIE

First kiss me.

JEAN

All right - but you've only yourself
to blame.
You're playing with fire.

(He goes to kiss her but she darts away.)

Miss JULIE

How conceited you are!
A real Don Juan ...

JEAN

Don't try me too far!

Miss Julie

... or Joseph!
Do you see me as Potiphar's wife
... or Salome?
Would you like me to dance
and shed my seven veils
till I'm naked before you?

JEAN

Miss Julie, for God's sake!

Miss JULIE

Salome! That's who I am -

Salome!

Salome!

(She laughs hysterically.)

JEAN

You're crazy!

(He seizes her in his arms and kisses her passionately full on the lips.)

Miss JULIE

No, no - !

How dare you!

(She slaps his face.)

JEAN (sullenly, rubbing his cheek)

Did you mean that?

Miss JULIE

Yes, I meant it.

JEAN (bitterly)

Playing with fire,
but the game was too risky.

Well, a game's a game

and I've had enough.

If you don't mind,

I've work to do.

(He picks up the Count's boots.)

Miss JULIE

Put down those boots!

JEAN

No!

When the Count comes back

and that bell rings,

he'll expect them done.

(He gets out polish and brushes from the dresser.)

JEAN (cont'd)
 A job's a job,
 and it's not my job
 to act playmate to you.

Miss JULIE
 You're proud, aren't you?

JEAN
 Perhaps.

(He is busily polishing the boots.)

Miss JULIE (after a pause)
 Have you ever been in love?

JEAN
 What's that to you?

Miss JULIE
 Tell me.

JEAN
 Hundreds of times.

Miss JULIE
 Really in love?

JEAN (slowly)
 No - except once.
 But that was a long time ago.

Miss JULIE
 Who was she?

(JEAN does not answer, but he stops
 polishing the boots.)

Tell me who she was.

(JEAN puts the boots carefully down,
 and looks straight at Miss JULIE.)

JEAN
 If you must know -
 it was you!

(Miss JULIE is staggered. She sinks
 down on a chair.)

Miss JULIE
 You're mad -
 you can't mean it

JEAN
 It's true all the same.
 I wouldn't have told you;
 I meant to keep quiet,
 but now ...

Miss JULIE
 Yes, yes - go on!

JEAN (with a sudden burst of resentment.)
 You don't know what it is
 to be poor.
 Your world is above
 and you seldom look down.
 But I gaze from below
 at the eagles soaring
 high over my head ...
 And I saw you -
 a princess, a vision.
 And I thought
 I could die for you.

Miss JULIE
 I think I understand...

JEAN
 You can't understand.
 A dog can lie on a lady's couch;
 a horse can be stroked by her hand,
 but a servant ...

Miss JULIE (softly)
 But you can rise, Jean, (She gets to her feet, and
you can climb... starts to fondle him.)
 A dog can be petted,
 a horse can be stroked,
 and a poor farm lad ...

JEAN (brusquely)
 I've said too much.
 I'm going to bed.

Miss JULIE
 On Midsummer Night,
 and leave me alone? (She puts her arms round his neck.)

JEAN (wavering)
 With a servant?
 Take my advice and go home.

Miss JULIE
 No, I shall stay.
 Perhaps I can make your dreams
 come true.

JEAN (passionately)
 Miss Julie - Miss Julie! (She kisses him as JEAN takes her in
 his arms. At that moment a voice
 is heard in the distance. It is
 the gamekeeper. The voice gets
 nearer.)

ULRIK (off stage)
 'A lady went a-roaming,
 All in the woods one day,
 To look for rambling roses
 To make a fine bouquet.

But in the glade she met a lad
 So handsome tall and fair,
 With gun in hand and poaching bag,
 he caught her in his snare.

But roses lose their petals
 And a lady's soon undone
 If she makes her bed
 With a poaching lad
 And plays with a poacher's gun.'

JEAN (to Miss JULIE)
 Quickly - into the bedroom! (Miss JULIE starts to run
 towards KRISTIN's room.)

No, not that way!
 In here!

(He hustles her into his own bedroom and shuts the
 door, then quickly sits down at the table as ULRIK
 comes in through the garden door.)

ULRIK (drunkenly)
 Where is she?

JEAN

Who do you mean?

ULRIK

Our darling mistress,
Miss Julie!

JEAN

You're drunk!

ULRIK

Not so drunk I didn't see you both
sneaking out of the barn.

(ULRIK takes a drink from a bottle of beer on the
table, then puts it down with a bang.)

JEAN

Put that bottle down,
You've had enough already!

ULRIK

But you've had your fling
Mr. High-and-mighty Jean.
Next dance she has with me
Come on where is she?

JEAN

What do you mean?
What are you talking about?

Come on where is she?
(ULRIK leers knowingly at the
bedroom door as JEAN blocks the way.)

Where is she?
I bet I know!

JEAN

You drunken clot! The
dance is over.
Everyone's gone to bed.
Get out! Go home, you fool!

ULRIK

Hard words cant hurt.

JEAN

But blows can!

ULRIK (sentimentally)

I want my little lady!
What a girl she is,
soft as a rabbit!
And can't she dance!
Next time I shant be so careful;

JEAN

Be careful what you're saying
Don't goad me too far!
Careful! Careful!
Mind what you're saying.

ULRIK

I'll hold her tight,
and tickle her waist,
and maybe I'll pinch her bum!

JEAN

That's enough-
you've said enough...

JEAN

You filthy devil, get out!
Miss Julie's not here.
Clear off and get back
to your ferrets and stoats.

ULRIK

And leave you to creep in her bed!
You're a sly one, Jean,
but you can't fool me.

(ULRIK picks up a bottle and waves it
in the air.)

JEAN

A joke's a joke!
Don't try me too far.
Be careful, be careful!

(JEAN dodges the bottle.)

ULRIK

Here's to our darling mistress!

(He takes a swig at the bottle.)

JEAN

Get out, or I'll throw you out!

(ULRIK starts to waltz round the room.)

ULRIK

She's the queen of the dance
and the talk of the barn.
Do you know what everyone's saying?

(He turns to JEAN and starts to paw
him. JEAN tries to shake him off.)

When the Count's away
the cat will play!

JEAN

I don't believe you.

ULRIK

Cat and mouse with our Jean!
They are laughing their heads off.

JEAN

Laughing at me!

ULRIK

Cat and mouse!

Cat and mouse!

JEAN

I don't believe you.

ULRIK

Miss Julie has fallen for Jean!

What a lesson you'll give her in French!

(JEAN grabs ULRIK and pushes him
towards the garden door.)

JEAN

Get out, you devil, get out!

The Count shall hear of this!

ULRIK

Aw-right, aw-right,
no need to take on.

(He lurches out into the garden, but
stops and turns as he reaches the door.)

Cat and mouse with our Jean!

(He roars with drunken laughter.)

JEAN

Get out!

(ULRIK turns and goes off singing raucously.)

ULRIK

'O roses lose their petals
And my lady's soon undone
If she takes off her knickers
For a poaching lad
And plays with his poaching gun.'

(His song and his drunken laughter die away to
nothing. All is silent. Then JEAN goes to
the bedroom door.)

JEAN

You can come out now.

He's gone.

(Miss JULIE comes out of the bedroom. She is
flushed with shame and anger.)

You heard what he said?

Miss JULIE
The drunken beast!

JEAN
And that dirty song
about you and me?

Miss JULIE
The coward!

JEAN
And all of them talking...

Miss JULIE
Behind my back!
They're all cowards.
What shall I do?
My father is bound to hear.
Oh God ...! My father!
I couldn't face that.
I can't stay here.
What can I do?

JEAN
You must go away.

Miss JULIE
But you?

JEAN
If the Count gets to know
I shall lose my job.
So we'll both have to go.
I know, I know ...
You must come with me.
We'll go away together.

Miss JULIE
But where?

JEAN
Abroad! To Switzerland!
And when we're there
we'll start a hotel
in Lugano.

Miss JULIE
In Lugano?

JEAN
It's a plan I've always had.
You'll love Lugano.

Miss JULIE
Is it beautiful?

JEAN
It's always summer,
orange trees and a deep blue lake.
We can start as soon as it's daylight,
before anyone's stirring;
in Malmoe by breakfast.
and in three days time -
Lugano!

Miss JULIE
Where it's always summer ...

JEAN
... And the sun is always shining ...

Miss JULIE
... orange trees and a deep blue lake.
It sounds wonderful.
But you must give me courage.
Put your arms around me
and say you love me.

JEAN
I love you - truly -
you believe that, Miss Julie.

Miss JULIE
'Miss Julie' no longer.
You can call me 'Julie'.

JEAN
Julie? - Julie? - no, no
I can't -
not while we're still in this house.
Your father, the Count -
That bell will ring
and I'll lose my nerve.

JEAN (contd)

We must get away
as soon as it's light.

Miss **JULIE**

But tonight?

JEAN

You'll be safe with me.

Miss **JULIE**

I could sleep with Kristin.

JEAN

You can sleep with me.

(He indicates his bedroom.)

Miss **JULIE** (hesitating)

I'll be safe with you... ?

JEAN

I can promise you that.

Miss **JULIE**

But that drunken beast
may come back.

JEAN

I'll bolt the door.
You have nothing to fear.

(JEAN closes the garden door and
bolts it.)

Miss **JULIE**

Nothing to fear -
I've no one now,
except you.

(She watches him as if in a trance. He turns
off the light and enters his bedroom leaving
Miss JULIE in the faintly moon-lit room.
The bedroom light is turned on.)

JEAN (off Stage)
Come, Miss Julie.

Miss JULIE
I'm coming, Jean.

(She goes slowly into the bedroom. Their shadows are seen outlined as they embrace. The door closes, and the CURTAIN falls on a dark and empty stage.)

End of ACT I

ACT II

The same - some hours later.

(It is early morning and the empty stage is lighted by the red glow of the rising sun. JEAN comes out of the bedroom. He is in shirt-sleeves and is buttoning up his trousers. Miss JULIE follows him. She too is half-dressed.)

JEAN sees the Count's boots and gives them a vicious kick.)

JEAN

Never again!

Miss JULIE

Why did you do that -
what do you mean?

JEAN

Never again polish his boots
and bow and scrape!
Never again.

Miss JULIE

Not ever again.
Tell me you still love me.

JEAN

Yes, of course.

Miss JULIE

Say you mean it.
Nothing can be the same again
after tonight.

JEAN (impatiently)

No time for sentiment now.
It's getting light
and there's much to be done.

(He sits down at the table.)

Sit down there
and listen to me,
and don't interrupt.

Miss JULIE (slowly sitting down)
How cold you sound!
And only a moment ago
you were kissing me.

JEAN
We've other things
to think of now.
The Count will return in an hour or so,
and we must be off before that.
Now, as to our plan ...

Miss JULIE
What plan?

JEAN
The hotel - Lugano.

Miss JULIE
But to start a hotel
needs a lot of money.

JEAN
That's where you come in.

Miss JULIE
What do you mean?
I've none of my own -
only enough to pay our fares.

JEAN
You've no money?
Neither have I -
so we're back where we started.

Miss JULIE
But I must go away.
I can't remain here -
as your lover, your mistress -
with everyone talking
behind my back
and pointing at me.
I couldn't bear it.

Miss JULIE (contd)

You've got to take me away -
away from the scandal.
Sooner or later it's bound to come out;
sooner or later my father will know.
My father ...!

(She suddenly realizes the enormity
of her position.)

Oh God, what have I done?

Oh God, oh God!

(She bursts into tears.)

JEAN (callously)

What have you done?

No more than plenty of other girls.

Miss JULIE (hysterically)

I'm not just one of your sluts,

I'm not like other girls.

You've no feelings at all!

Oh God, oh God!

What devil made me think

you loved me?

JEAN

Love's no use without money.

Miss JULIE

Oh, you're sordid and horrible!

JEAN

You must take me as I am.

Don't come the lady with me!

(Miss JULIE sobs hysterically.)

(relenting a little)

Now don't lose your head.

I'm not quite as bad as you think.

(He takes the bottle of wine
from the table drawer.)

Have a drink of this,
and then you'll feel better.

Miss JULIE (aghast)

That's my father's wine!

JEAN

Straight from the cellar!

Miss JULIE

You stole it!

JEAN

Why not?

(Miss JULIE jumps up indignantly.)

Miss JULIE

You're a thief! Thief!
To think that I've thrown in my lot
with a thief!
I must have been mad!

(Pacing up and down.)

Oh God, what shall I do?
And you said you'd die for me -
for a princess, a vision ...

JEAN

I made all that up.
You wanted romance
and you got it!

Miss JULIE

You brute, to trade on my feelings!
You're heartless,
you led me on.

JEAN (scoffing)

Led you on?
You were quick enough
to let down your drawers
when it suited your fancy!

Miss JULIE

How dare you!
Get up when you're spoken to!
You're still a servant -
with the vulgar mind
of a servant!

JEAN (in a storm of anger)
 Get out, you whore!
 Get out of here.
 I'm not your servant.

(He goes to strike her.)

Miss JULIE
 That's right - hit me!
 It's all I deserve.
 Hit me, hit me!

(She sinks to the ground and
 cowers at his feet.)

(sobbing)

Oh, Jean, how could you!

(JEAN hesitates, then lowers
 his fist.)

JEAN

No - no I can't.
 I don't hit a man when he's down,
 least of all you.
 I'm sorry -
 I shouldn't have said what I did.
 I don't like to see you like this -
 at my feet.
 You, a lady! You, so proud!

Miss JULIE (sobbing)
 Scum on the surface of water -
 sinking, sinking - down, down,
 always down.
 But I love you - I love you still.

JEAN

Love! You were swept off your feet
 for a game on Midsummer Night.

Miss JULIE
 No, no - !
 I love you, I love you.

JEAN

Do you mean what you say?
 You certainly meant it in bed
 when you lay in my arms,
 naked and mad with desire.
 How lovely you were!

(He stoops down and helps her
 to her feet, and puts his arm
 round her.)

How lovely you are!
 Do you mean what you say?
 Do you love me still?

Miss JULIE (passionately)
 I do, I do!

JEAN

Then give me a kiss!

(He tries to kiss her, but
 she thrusts him aside.)

Miss JULIE

Not now, not here!
 If you want me again
 you must take me away.
 We still have time
 to catch our train.
 But I need a drink
 to give me strength.
 Pour me a drink, Jean.

(JEAN pours out a glass of wine.
 She empties it at a gulp, and
 holds it out to be re-filled.)

JEAN

It'll go to your head.

Miss JULIE

What does it matter?

JEAN

It's vulgar - to get drunk.

Miss JULIE (thoughtfully)
 My mother got drunk,
 but she wasn't vulgar.
 She kept it so secret
 that nobody guessed.
 But how she suffered!
 So good and so kind.
 She wasn't pretty,
 but I thought her lovely.

JEAN

A real lady!

Miss JULIE

She wasn't a lady -
 I mean the nobility.
 Her grandfather died
 and left her a fortune.
 My father the Count,
 married beneath him,
 married for money -
 It's all so sordid;
 why should I tell you? -
 He took it all from her
 then treated her
 like dirt.

JEAN

So that is why ...

Miss JULIE

Yes - she took poison.

JEAN

Suicide!

Miss JULIE

I'll never forgive him.
 I hate him!
 I hate all men!

JEAN

Do you hate me too?
 You said you loved me.

Miss JULIE

I hate you too!
 I'd shoot you like a dog!

JEAN

But you haven't a gun,
so what can you do?

Miss JULIE

I don't know, I don't know.
Oh, take me away, Jean,
just for a few days - a week -
as long as we can
with the money we have -
and then - we can die!

JEAN

I don't want to die.
Better to start a hotel.

Miss JULIE (eagerly)

At Lugano -
where the sun is always shining,
and the oranges hang on the trees,
and the water is always blue ...

JEAN

And it's crowded with tourists!
Good for hotels.
If only we had money enough ...
We must have the money.

Miss JULIE

But how can we get it?

JEAN

From the Count!
He robbed your mother;
now you can get your own back.
It's our only chance.

Miss JULIE

But I can't do that.
I'm not a thief.

JEAN

Remember your mother.

Miss JULIE

No, no, I can't do it.

JEAN

Then the deal is off,
and I stay here.

Miss JULIE

Oh, you're hard as stone!
Talk to me kindly.
Help me - tell me what to do.
I've been a fool -
out of my mind.
But isn't there some way out?
There must be some way out.

JEAN

Yes, with the money.

Miss JULIE

I can't.

JEAN

You must.
You hate the Count...

Miss JULIE

I can't, I can't -

JEAN

Don't say you can't.
You're losing your nerve.
Just do as I tell you.
Go upstairs for the money.
The Count keeps the keys of his safe
in the drawer by his bed.
Get dressed and pack a few clothes,
then come back here.

Miss JULIE (abjectly)

Come with me then.

JEAN

What! Go above stairs?
You must be crazy.
I can't go up there
unless the Count rings.
No! Do as you're told
and be quick about it.

(Miss JULIE wearily starts to climb
the stairs.)

Miss JULIE (sadly)
 You sound so cruel, Jean.
 Speak to me gently.

JEAN

An order always sounds cruel.
 Now you know what it feels like.

(Miss JULIE disappears up the stairs. JEAN gives a sigh of relief, then takes his razor from the dresser drawer and starts to strop it in readiness for shaving. KRISTIN enters, half-dressed. She walks coldly past JEAN who goes on with his stropping with self-conscious unconcern. KRISTIN starts to wash herself at the sink, but at last curiosity gets the better of her.)

KRISTIN (drying her face)
 Has she gone?

JEAN

Who - who do you mean?

KRISTIN

You know very well who I mean.

(She points to the dirty glasses on the table.)
 And you've been drinking together.

JEAN

Yes, we did have a drink or two,
 me and Ulrik.

KRISTIN

Ulrik! I don't believe you.
 You know you can't stand him,
 and you told me yourself
 he was still at the barn.

JEAN

All the same, it was Ulrik.

KRISTIN

Lies, lies! You were always a liar.
 Miss Julie was here.
 I know when you're lying.

JEAN

It was Ulrik, I tell you.
But believe what you like -
it doesn't matter to me.

(JEAN turns his back on KRISTIN and goes to the sink and starts to shave.)

KRISTIN

Whatever you say, I know
you were here with the mistress.
A woman always knows
when another's concerned.

(JEAN is sulkily silent.)

How could you fall so low,
behaving like that?
Look me in the face if you can.

(JEAN maintains a sulky silence and goes on shaving with exaggerated care.)

I'd never have thought it,
that I wouldn't!
Miss Julie of all people!

JEAN (goaded out of his silence.)
Nag, nag! You're being jealous.
Just because I went dancing -

KRISTIN (scornfully)

Dancing! A pretty dance you led her!

JEAN

Jealous - that's what you are.

KRISTIN

Jealous of her? No!
If it had been Clara
or one of the chambermaids
I'd have scratched your eyes out.
But here with the mistress -

JEAN

What's wrong with that? .

KRISTIN

Wrong! It was downright wicked!
I'm not staying here another day -
Not in a house where there's no respect
for your betters.

JEAN

They're no better than us,
I can prove it.

(JEAN has finished shaving. He cleans his razor, but distracted by KRISTIN's tirade he moves from the sink towards centre stage, the razor still in his hand.)

KRISTIN

No better than us!
You don't know what you're saying.
Class is class and don't you forget it.
Class is class and the gentry's the gentry.
There's some to give orders
and some to obey.
God made me a cook
and a cook I'll stay.
Poor Miss Julie!
To think she'd fall
to a man like you!
It was wicked -
downright wicked!

JEAN

Don't blame me,
she led me on -
(hastily)
At the dance, I mean.

KRISTIN

Well I'm not staying here
whatever you say.
I shall hand in my notice.

JEAN

And then?

KRISTIN

We'll get married.

(JEAN stares at her, and puts the razor down on the table.)

JEAN

Get married!

KRISTIN

Yes, as you promised.

JEAN

Married to you!
I've got more ambition than that.

(JEAN puts on his stiff collar, then automatically comes over to KRISTIN for her to tie his bow tie. ULRIK, in his gamekeeper's rig-out with his game-bag over his shoulder, and his gun tucked under his arm strolls in, unobserved by JEAN and KRISTIN.)

KRISTIN (adjusting JEAN's tie)

You can keep your ambition.
We'll see about that.
You've your duty to do
and don't you forget it.

JEAN

I know what's my duty
without you nagging.

(JEAN smirks with satisfaction at his reflection in a mirror, while KRISTIN surveys her handiwork.)

ULRIK (sarcastically)

A pretty domestic scene!
Sweet as a couple of love-birds.

JEAN (furiously)

You've got a nerve,
after last night!

ULRIK

I admit I wasn't quite sober -

JEAN

Sober! You were drunk as a lord!
Blundering in here -

ULRIK

Everyone drinks on Midsummer Night.
So calm down, old man,
I came with the best of intentions -

JEAN

Damn you, keep quiet!

ULRIK (maliciously ignoring him)

The dance was barely half over
when I found that I'd run out
of partners.

When you've sampled the best
no other will do. So I came here
to see who I could find.

KRISTIN (incredulously)

You were looking for me?

ULRIK

Well - not exactly.
Let's say a certain lady.

KRISTIN

I knew I was right!
She was here all the time -
Miss Julie, Miss Julie!

ULRIK

Our charming mistress,
or should I say Jean's.

JEAN

Keep your mouth shut,
or I'll -

ULRIK

Or you'll what?
You'd better keep quiet
or I'll spread it around -
that Jean spent the night with Miss Julie.

KRISTIN

I told you so!
News gets around.
How can I bear it -
all the girls' laughing.

JEAN

Don't think of yourself,
think of me. That'd be
quite a change.

ULRIK

Steady, now, steady!
Miss Julie, the darling,
What a plum to fall in your arms!
Some men have all the luck.

KRISTIN

What shall I do, what shall I do?
You're nothing but brutes!
Taking advantage. Poor Miss Julie.
Hulking great brutes.

JEAN

Stop it for God's sake!
Keep your mouth shut.
Get out! Clear off
or I'll throw you out.

(He grapples with ULRIK and tries to
hustle him out through the door.)

ULRIK (laughing)

Steady now, steady!
Oh what a plum
all ripe and juicy!
Our darling Miss Julie!

JEAN

Get out, get out,
I'll kill you for that!

ULRIK

Steady now, steady!
No harm meant.

(KRISTIN, who has been watching the men with
grim satisfaction, suddenly looks up at the
stairs. She has heard a noise up above.)

KRISTIN

Stop it! Be quiet!
There's someone upstairs -
I heard someone moving.

JEAN (hastily)

It's only Clara - drawing the curtains.

KRISTIN

Clara! It can't be.
She's still asleep.
That girl's bone lazy.
Do you think it's the Count
come home already?

JEAN

If it is he'll be ringing.
You'd better buck up
and get dressed.

KRISTIN

God help us! What a morning!

(KRISTIN runs off.)

JEAN

Now you clear off.
You've done enough damage already.
Clear off and leave me alone.

ULRIK

I'm sorry, old man, it was only a lark.
Well - I must get on my way,
I've my rounds to do.
And a shot at a rabbit'll do me good!

(ULRIK is already at the garden door when Miss JULIE appears at the top of the stairs. She is dressed for travel, with a suitcase in one hand and her pet lap-dog under her arm. She does not see ULRIK, who stops and watches, a sardonic smile on his face.)

Miss JULIE

I'm ready now, Jean.
Everything's packed,
I've got all I need.

(She puts her case down.)

JEAN

Have you got the money?

Miss JULIE

Yes, enough for a start.

JEAN

Good girl! I knew you'd have the spirit
when it came to the point.

Miss JULIE
But why aren't you dressed?

JEAN
Kristin's awake and -

Miss JULIE
Kristin! Does she suspect?

JEAN
No, not a thing.
But we must be off at once
before she comes back.
My bag's in the bedroom.

(JEAN turns to hurry off, but stops as he sees
ULRIK. Miss JULIE sees him at the same moment.
ULRIK saunters into the kitchen.)

ULRIK (insolently)
So you're going to leave us;
run off with our Jean.
Well, I don't think much of your taste.

(Miss JULIE stares at him, wide-eyed with
horror.)

JEAN (furiously)
Damn you, clear off
and leave us alone!

ULRIK (ignoring JEAN)
And where do you think you are going?
And wouldn't the Count like to know!

Miss JULIE
He musn't know, he musn't know!
Oh, my God!

ULRIK
That's all right, little missy,
I shan't give you away.
You can go to the devil
for all I care.
But first - first -
put your dog down
and give us a kiss!

(He tries to kiss her but Jean pulls him away
and turns furiously on Miss JULIE.)

JEAN (pointing to the dog)
 What the devil is that?
 What's that dog doing here?

Miss JULIE (fondling her dog)
 My darling own pet,
 I can't leave you behind.

JEAN
 You're off your head.
 We can't cart a blasted dog around.
 Give it to me.

Miss JULIE
 No, No! Don't be so cruel.
 I must take her with me.

JEAN
 Give it to me, give it to me!

ULRIK
 Steady now, steady!

Miss JULIE
 I can't leave her here
 with no one to love her.
 I'd rather you killed her.

JEAN (brutally)
 Right! Then give it to me.

(He grabs the dog and hands it to ULRIK.)
 Here - take this.
 Take this vermin away
 and shoot it. Shoot it
 or wring its neck.

Miss JULIE
 No, no! (She tries to stop ULRIK but JEAN seizes her and
 puts his hand over her mouth to gag her.)

ULRIK (maliciously)
 My kind of job!
 That's what I'm paid for.

(He stuffs the dog into his gamekeeper's bag,
 winks at JEAN, and starts briskly for the door.)

ULRIK (contd.)

Goodbye and good luck!
I can't wait to see the Count's face
when he knows!

(ULRIK goes out. Miss JULIE breaks loose from JEAN's grasp.)

Miss JULIE

Ulrik, Ulrik, come back!

(She tries to run after him, but JEAN holds her back.)

(to JEAN)

Kill me! Kill me too!
I hate you, I hate you!
I wish to God I'd never seen you;
I wish I'd never been born.

(She is struggling in JEAN's arms as KRISTIN hurries in. Miss JULIE runs to her for protection.) [a gunshot is heard off-stage as ULRIK shoots the dog.]

(screaming) He's killed her!

Kristin, Kristin!

Help me, help me! (Miss JULIE sobs on KRISTIN's shoulder.)

KRISTIN

What's all this mean -
shouting and screaming?
A pretty sight, I must say!
Jean, what have you been up to?

Miss JULIE

Kristin, listen to me.
I'll tell you everything.

JEAN

Don't listen to her,
she's off her head.

Miss JULIE

Listen, Kristin, you must -
and you'll understand.

(KRISTIN pushes her away.)

KRISTIN

You're dressed for a journey -
and packed your bag.
Where are you off to?

KRISTIN (contd.)

(to JEAN)

But isn't the master back?

JEAN

Not yet - a false alarm.

Miss JULIE

Listen, Kristin -

KRISTIN

I don't want to hear.

If you're going away

it's the best thing for you,

but if you think you're taking my Jean,

I'll soon put paid to that.

Miss JULIE (wringing her hands)

Oh, what shall I do?

You're a woman, Kristin,

you are my friend.

You must try to help me.

I can't stay here,

neither can Jean.

We must go abroad.

KRISTIN

You're mad!

You're both mad!

Is it true, Jean?

JEAN (sulkily)

We've got enough money

to start a hotel -

KRISTIN

Start a hotel!

You're mad, you're crazy!

Miss JULIE

But you can come too, Kristin,

and take over the kitchen.

That would be lovely.

Oh, say you'll come,

and we'll all be happy.

Oh, say you'll come, dear Kristin!

(She throws her arms round KRISTIN and starts to fondle her.)

KRISTIN (coldly)

You're mad!

Miss JULIE (urgently)

You've not been abroad.

It's fun going by train -
to Switzerland -
to Lugano!

It's always summer there
and the lake is as blue as heaven,
and the oranges are balls of fire
in Lugano, in Lugano!

We'll start a hotel -

Jean's hotel -

I shall be hostess

and you head cook
with lots of servants.

And we'll all get rich,
and buy a house on the lake,

and the sun will shine -

not always, of course -

Sometimes it will rain -

and then - and then -

we'll come home -

again...

(Her voice trails off despondently.)

KRISTIN

Do you believe all that?

Miss JULIE

Do I - believe - all that?

KRISTIN

Yes - all that rigmarole.

Miss JULIE

I don't know -

I don't believe anything,
any longer...

(She sinks down on the chair by the
table (centre stage).)

... nothing, nothing at all.

KRISTIN (to JEAN)

Well, well!

So you are going to elope?

JEAN

I wouldn't say that.
But it's a good scheme
and it might work.

KRISTIN

Now listen to me!
If you think I'm going
as cook to that bitch!

JEAN

Watch your tongue
when you speak of your mistress.

KRISTIN

Mistress indeed!

JEAN

Yes, your mistress.

KRISTIN

Well, well!
Listen to him!

JEAN

Yes, listen to me for a change!
Miss Julie's your mistress.
Who are you to turn up your nose!

KRISTIN

She behaved like a slut -
a common slut!

JEAN

Be careful!

KRISTIN

I know my station,
if she doesn't.

JEAN

Your station!

KRISTIN

I've never messed around
with the stable lads.

JEAN

No, you hooked yourself
to a nice steady chap -

KRISTIN

So steady you steal
the Count's wine!
Yes, steal!

JEAN

Steal! Who takes a cut
off the grocery bills
and bribes from the butcher!

KRISTIN (furious)

You thief! You've got no shame.
First steal from the Count,
then steal the mistress!
Thief, thief!

JEAN

Keep your foul mouth shut
or I'll -

(He picks up the razor and wields it threateningly.)

KRISTIN

Thief, thief!
You wouldn't dare!

JEAN

Shut up, you devil,
or I'll cut out your tongue!

(Suddenly the bell rings with a harsh jangling clamour.
Miss JULIE leaps to her feet. JEAN and KRISTIN look
up at the vibrating bell on the wall as though
mesmerized. Then JEAN drops the razor with a clatter
on the table.)

JEAN

The Count's back!

KRISTIN

It's the master!

Miss JULIE

My father! Oh God!

JEAN

He'll be wanting his boots.

KRISTIN

He'll be wanting his breakfast.

Miss JULIE

Jean! What shall I do?

KRISTIN

Where's that Clara -
the lazy slut! (She runs off to rouse Clara.)

Miss JULIE

Kristin, Kristin, don't leave me!

(Miss JULIE turns to JEAN in despair, but JEAN is
putting on his valet's striped waistcoat.)

Jean, what are you doing?
We cant stay here.

JEAN

You can go, but I cant.
It's that bell -
it saps my strength.
It rings and rings till I answer its call.
I'm sorry, Miss Julie, truly I am.
You can call me a coward,
but I can't help it.
That bell rules my life.

(JEAN picks up the Count's boots and automatical
starts to give them a final polish.)

Miss JULIE

But our hotel in Switzerland?
- IN LUIGANO ?

JEAN

Just a dream - a dream
on Midsummer Night.
I was mad then -
we were both of us mad.

Miss JULIE

And the money - the money?

JEAN

Put it back.

Miss JULIE

I can't, I can't!
 Why did I take it?
 I must have been mad.
 You are right, I was dreaming.
 And now I am so tired - so tired.
 Help me now, Jean.
 Order me and I'll obey you.
 Do one last thing for me:
 save my honour, save my name.
 You must know what I ought to do,
 then tell me, tell me -
 I'll do what you say.

(JEAN puts the boots down and walks to the table where Miss JULIE is standing. He glances at the razor then looks at her.)

I'm so tired - so tired -
 I must be dreaming -
 Everything is hazy -
 I only see your face...
 And your eyes are glowing
 like coals in a fire!
 A fire that's dying - dying -
 all blurred and white like ashes.

(The morning sunlight streams into the room, illuminating JEAN. Miss JULIE rubs her hands together as if warming them at a fire.)

It's so warm and lovely -
 So light, and peaceful!

JEAN (slowly)

There's one thing you can do -
 there's one way out of it for both of us.
 The way your mother took.

(He looks significantly at the razor on the table.)

Not here, but out in the park.

Miss JULIE (with touching gratitude)

Oh, thank you, thank you -
 now I'll find peace at last.

(The bell rings a second time. JEAN picks up the boots, and starts to walk, like a robot, towards the stairs. Miss JULIE bars his way.)

Miss JULIE (contd.)

Kiss me before I go.
Just one last kiss.

(JEAN brushes her aside.)

JEAN (coldly)

Je vous en prie, mademoiselle.

(Miss JULIE stands aside, and watches him as he goes up the stairs. When he has gone she turns and picks up the razor. Then, slowly, with a firm step, she walks out through the garden door into the park. The CURTAIN falls on an empty stage.)

.
. . .
.

